HIGHLY INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.

FOOT-PRINTS OF XAVIER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

KANAGAWA, Japan, June 15, 1860.

A little more than three centuries ago, Francis Xavier, the "Apostle of the Indies," the companion and friend of Ignatius Loyola landed on the shores of Japan. He was one of the world's truest heroes, one of the Church's holiest saints. Defiant of every personal danger, patient of all suffering, he had borne the cross to India and the Isles of the Sea, planting churches and winning converts where the seldom daunted spirit of the Portuguese trader had not dared to venture. Full of zeal, aspiring after fresh triumphs, and, perhaps, covetous of that chiefest glory dear to the Saints of that age—the crown of martyrdom—he left Goa in April, 1549, for the Islands of Japan. He landed at Kangosima, in Kiu-siu, in August of the same year. The success that had attended his labors in India, followed him in Japan. Princes and nobles were eager to listen to the words of this new and strange faith, and, persuaded as much by the purity and self-denial of Xavier's life as by the eloquence of his preaching, became the early fruits of his labors. The middle and humble classes of Society flocked by thousands to the standard of the Cross. For nearly a century the Church thus planted flourished and increased till success lead to private corruption, public dissensions, and finally to an outbreak with the Government. Then came the days of persecution and the sword. With what unflinching consistency the native converts held to their new faith the annalists of the Romish Church have told us. Under the walls of Simabara Christianity made its final stand, and might even then have had hope, had not the cannon of Protestant Hollanders assisted to its overthrow. Then followed the days of relentless persecution from house to house, rivaling the days of Bloody Mary. Over the grave of the Martyrs was set up the impious imperial edict, "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he violates this command, shall pay for it with his head." Thus, less than a century witnessed the establishment and overthrow both of the foreign church and the Portugese and Spanish trade, and the confinement of the Dutch to Desima. Since that, nearly every trace of the Catholic Church in Japan has been obliterated. Various unsuccessful attempts have been made by the Church of Rome, down as late as the opening of the eighteenth century, to ascertain the fate of the native converts. The Dutch chroniclers are silent as to any vestiges of the lost faith. It was a memory they well might be indifferent to keep alive; and besides, they were not likely, after the affair of Simabara, to be the repositories of any confidence from any of the proscribed religionists.

Few inquiries, therefore, can be more interesting to the modern traveler to Japan, or to the public at large, than the inquiry for any remaining traces of the lost Church. Nor are later visitors to Japan able as yet to satisfy these inquiries. Of all the fruits of Xavier's mission to this people, "to deliver whose precious souls from the tyranny of sin" he declared was his "nourishment, sleep, yea life itself," nothing is now apparent. Every church edifice has been destroyed by fire, every Christian burial-place obliterated, every cross, book, picture or symbol sedulously destroyed. The names of its rites, symbols and ceremonials are lost from the language. So thorough and complete have been the unremitted efforts of the Government from the days of Iyeyas, or Ogosho-sama, till the present time, that the memory of this faith only remains as the dimmest of dim traditions.

In 1854, the Russian frigate Diana lay in the harbor of Simoda, where she was afterward wrecked. At the dead of night a boat from ashore came alongside. Its sole occupant was a Japanese. It was evident, from his manner, that he had come off in some important errand. He was taken aboard and into the cabin. First looking carefully about the cabin, lest he might be seen or overheard of some hidden person, he produced from the folds of his dress an ancient and well-worn crucifix. His manner, as he did so, was full of the most trembling anxiety. He said it belonged to his family, and had been handed down from one generation to another, as a precious relic. He knew little of its import, beyond the fact that its possession was dangerous, and that its original possessors had fallen under the displeasure of the Emperor. He attached to it some vague feeling of being committed by its possession to the faith it indicated. All he knew of that was that he must not worship idols, and he could speak the names of Jesus and Mary. The Russian insignia of the Greek Cross had emboldened him thus to declare himself. His case illustrates the severity and faithfulness with which the old decree had been executed. In this family, so jealously watched had they been, so impossible had it been either openly or secretly to preserve the rites of the proscribed religion that its memory had faded out to the last possible degree, and yet be alive. Should the story of the Diana's midnight visitor ever reach Japanese ears I am glad to say that he is secure beyond the reach of discovery or harm.

The imperial edicts are promulgated in this manner: At suitable distances along the great thoroughfares, proclamation-places are established. A tiled roof is supported by two or four posts. Under this roof, inscribed on wooden tablets protected from the weather, are the edicts of the Emperor. I was walking, not long since, into the country, with Dr. H. of the Presbyterian Mission. We had wandered some miles along a pleasant country road, bordered by hedge-rows, trees and cultivated fields. We were skirting the edge of a narrow valley, in which was a small hamlet, when he called my attention to a series of imperial tablets, put up and protected in the usual manner at the fork of two diverging roads. One edict forbade the use of fire-arms; another prohibited the harboring of fugitives from justice; another required the return of the Emperor's stray hawks. There was yet another of more interest than these. It offered a reward of money equivalent to three hundred dollars for information of the whereabouts of any "Keristan, Iromain, or Brutteran." Here, then, was one of the old proclamations respecting the proscribed faith daily read by people who could scarcely any longer comprehend to what it alluded. These tablets, as often as they are defaced by time or tempest, are carefully renewed. This particular tablet, our informants said, was two or three hundred years old. Keristan is the old word to signify the Catholics, and is still thus used at the present day. The other two names are no longer distinctly recognized. There can be no doubt that Romanists are intended by the word Iromain. Brutteran at once reminds us of the word Brethren, or the Dutch broederen, but it is difficult to know who should have used this term to indicate a religious brotherhood at the time of the edicts against Christians. No Englishman surely; and the Hollander of those days was far from using any words whatever in a religious sense. Nor can I credit the statement of the most intelligent Japanese I have met, that the Mohammedans are intended by it, for there is nothing in the analogy or synchronism of events to warrant the assertion.

The attention of the Japanese Government was called to the existing edicts against Christianity by the Embassies at Yeddo. The Government acknowledged the existence of such laws, but said they were at present inoperative, though time would be necessary for the absolute repeal of the same. I can imagine the unwillingness of the Government to take down these tablets from their resting-place of centuries, and the inquiry it might provoke among a people whose eyes had daily seen the offer of this anomalous reward.

It is stated on good authority, that of the interpreter to the American Legation at Yeddo, that there is at Yeddo a community of a hundred families living together, who are lineal descendants of recanting Christians of bygone days. They are supported at the expense of the Emperor, and their office is to act as spies to discover any followers of the proscribed religion. When the Christians had been nearly extirpated after the fall of Simabara, a record was made of every surviving family who had once been attached to that faith. This record was constantly revised by persons appointed to that duty, and their dwellings were frequently inspected for the purpose of discovering any religious practices or memorials. It is now a law of the realm that every man shall attach himself to some Budhist Temple, where his name is enrolled, and for which he is liable to a small annual or semi-annual contribution.

Never has the world known a more bloody or successful persecution. The seclusion of the Japanese from outside influences enabled them to carry it out with a terrible completeness. But the cross rears again its head in Japan. Over the graves of the murdered Russians, on the bluffs that overlook the Bay of Yeddo, rises a monument, surmounted with a Greek cross. By solemn stipulation the Japanese Government have agreed to protect this, and keep it in repair "so long as the sun shall warm the earth." When the monument was ready to be put up the Governor of Yokuhama pleaded strongly for the omission of the cross, but all in vain. It was the humiliating price the Bear of the frozen North exacted for the shedding of innocent blood. To-day a Catholic Padre sits securely in the shadow of the Court of Ogosho-Sama, another is at Hakodadi, another at Nagasaki hears the break of the same ocean against the Mount of Martyrs that rolled there two centuries and a half ago. The old work interrupted will be one day renewed. When the port of Oasaca shall be opened near to the cities of Miaco and Sakai, where once were cathedrals, convents, and thousands of worshippers, the coming missionary of the Nineteenth Century may yet greet with brotherly salutation the faith-keeping descendant of the disciple of Xavier.

H.

FROM PORTLAND TO MOUNT DESERT.

No July morning was ever finer than that on which we bade adieu to the fair city of Portland and its generous hospitality, and turned the prow of our little sloop toward the nearest of the countless isles of Casco Bay. As the gentle breeze swept the Helen slowly over the sparkling waters, we spread on the top of the cabin the ample charts of the coast of Maine with which our good friends in Portland had provided us, and fell to diligent study of our proposed route.

Casco Bay extends from Cape Elizabeth on the west to Cape Small Point on the east, a distance of about twenty miles. It is an indentation in the coast whose greatest depth does not exceed fifteen miles. Beside Portland at its western end, there are three or four flourishing towns on the shores of the bay, and embosomed in its waters, if the popular account be true, are no less than 365 islands, a compliment to the days of the year which is also commonly attributed to Lake George, Lake Winnepiseogee, and several other bodies of water. Without vouching for the exact number, it is doubtless safe to say that there are at least three hundred isles and islets, beside many bold and picturesque headlands and peninsulas, so that scarcely anywhere else in the world can you find a more varied or more lovely commingling of land and water. The shores of the islands and the promontories are mostly covered with woods of maple, oak, beech, pines, and firs, growing nearly to the water's edge, and throwing their shadows over many a deep inlet and winding channel. It is impossible to conceive of any combination of scenery, more charming, more romantic, more captivating to the eye, or more suggestive to the imagination. No element of beauty is wanting. Many of the islands are wildly picturesque in form, and from their woodland summits you behold on the one hand the surges of the Atlantic, breaking almost at your feet, and on the other the placid waters of the bay, spangled by multitudinous gems of emerald, while in the dim distance you discern on the horizon the sublime peaks of the White Mountains.

For several hours we sauntered, rather than sailed, through this enchanted and enchanting fairy-land, steering now hither and now thither as caprice impelled, or as the perpetually-changing views attracted. At length the Skipper, whose taste for the picturesque was yet undeveloped, and who besides from a former residence of many years at Harpswell on the Northern side of the bay was sufficiently familiar with its beauties, began to intimate that it was time to think of dinner, and that a few fresh fish would lend additional grace and unction to that important ceremony. In spite of the Artist's protest, the hint was taken, and we anchored in deep water in a broad channel called Hussey's Sound. The Pilot kindled his fire in the furnace at the companion-way, and we baited our lines and began to fish.

"Fish being more distinguished for the size of their heads than for the amount of brains lodged in them," observes the Rev. David Badham, at the beginning of his erudite and entertaining "Prose Halieutics," "fell early victims to the crafts and assaults of their arch-enemy, man." The remark of the learned author is undoubtedly founded in truth, but whether it was that the fish of Casco Bay are gifted with more brains than the rest of their tribe, or that they were naturally unwilling to quit their charming dwelling place, certain it is that, in our case they did not fall early victims. For more than an hour we fished without a bite. We suggested to the Skipper that our lines were not cast in pleasant places, and that we had better shift our ground. But that worthy, who had an innate repugnance to hoisting the mainsail oftener than he was fairly obliged to, held for some moments silent and mysterious communion with the sky, the water and the neighboring shores, and then confidently predicted that the fish would soon bite. Having, from past experience, considerable faith in his penetration into the whims and ways of our finny friends, and suspecting that in this instance his judgment was based upon observation of the state of the tide, we patiently pursued our sport, if sport it could be called.

The Assyrian, who was prone to easy postures, had been for the last half hour lying on his back with his hands clasped on the top of his head, and his feet, about which he had fastened his line, protruding over the low rail of the sloop. He now began to sing a song, to which he was apt to have recourse when the time was passing heavily, and he was too lazy to make much exertion of intellect or memory. It began:

The grasshopper sat on the sweet potato vine,
Up came the turkey gobbler and yanked him off behind.

The second stanza, intended to show the careless security of the grasshopper, was next sung:

The grasshopper sat on the sweet potato vine,
Up came the turkey gobbler and yanked him off behind.

Then followed the third stanza, illustrating the perfidy of the turkey gobbler:

The grasshopper sat on the sweet potato vine,
Up came the turkey gobbler and yanked him off behind.

This elegant ditty, whose chief merit was its capacity for indefinite prolongation, was suddenly interrupted by a bite which nearly "yanked" the minstrel into the water. He rolled over and scrambled to his feet with remarkable agility, exclaiming, as he hauled in his line, "A halibut, at last, I think!" To catch a halibut had been for some time the main object of the Assyrian's ambition, and the further east we went the more confident he became that every large fish he hooked would prove to be the coveted prize. I observed, however, that the old Pilot, who always grew excited at the prospect of halibut, after one eager glance at the line, turned with indifference to his furnace, on which, by this time, he had a large iron pot, bubbling with boiling water, all ready for a cod or haddock, or even for a pollock, if nothing better could be got. There was evidently no hope of halibut yet.

The capture proved to be a skate—a flat, broad, spiny, brown-backed monster, with a dirty white belly, a tail like a monkey's, and a spade-shaped snout armed with powerful teeth. He was very large, about three feet in length, and it required a good deal of careful management to get him aboard without breaking the stout cod-line. The creature was very angry at the liberty we had taken with its person, and furiously lashed the deck with its tail, squeaking and writhing in a droll manner.

"Behold the power of melody," said the Professor to the Assyrian. "It was your singing that brought this fellow to his bait. Sixteen hundred years ago, Claudius Ælianus in his *De Animalium Natura*, affirmed that the skate had musical ears and could be attracted and entranced by concord of sweet sounds, and I believe Aristotle said the same thing some centuries before him."

"They were a couple of ignorant heathens," responded Ninus, a little vexed about his worthless prize, "and would believe anything but the Gospel. What does Perley say, or Storer?"

"Nothing about it. But Rondelet of Montpelier, the greatest of French icthyologists, who was a careful and accurate observer, and had uncommon facilities for investigating the habits of fishes, makes the same statement. Cuvier cites him as a standard authority on the fishes of the Mediterranean."

"Very well," said Ninus, "I yield the point, and admit the musical ears, though I suspect it was the fresh lobster on my hook that attracted the wretch, and not the song of the grasshopper on the sweet potato vine. But in future I shall be careful how I exercise my voice while we are fishing."

The capture of the skate did not materially improve our prospect of dinner, for, though the Professor proposed to cook the creature, or at least a portion of it, the Pilot would not hear of such an abomination. In vain he was assured that it was a favorite fish in the markets of London, Paris, and Edinburgh; in vain I cited to him the Rev. Badham's assertion that all skate is eatable, though not all equally good; in vain the Professor assured him that Galen, in his treatise on aliments, particularly recommends the flesh of the skate as agreeable in flavor and light of digestion. His objections were immovable. At length the Assyrian, who had a bad habit of inventing quotations, recited to him an imaginary passage of Aristotle about the obstinacy of fishermen with regard to the edible qualites of the skate.

"Damn Aristotle," responded the old fisherman, "don't you suppose I know what fish are fit to eat," and with the aid of the Skipper, who fully sympathized in his repugnance, which indeed is common to most American fishermen, he tossed the monster overboard, and seizing a line, he said he would soon give us something worth cooking. Sure enough, in a few minutes, probably because of his fresh bait, he pulled up a haddock weighing about seven pounds, as we judged by the eye, for we were too anxious for dinner to delay his transfer to the pot by putting him to the test of the steelyards. While he is being boiled, and the Skipper is setting the table, let me give you some account of the haddock.

It belongs to the same family as the cod. A jet-black lateral line runs from the head to the tail, and above this line the color of the fish is a dark gray, and beneath it a beautiful silvery gray. On each side of the fish, behind the gills, there is a dark spot, and this peculiarity has led the fishermen of Catholic countries to believe that the haddock is the fish from whose mouth St. Peter, at the command of Christ, took the tribute money, these spots being supposed to be the marks made by the apostle's thumb and finger as he held it. It visits the coast of New-England in the Spring in immense schools, which continue till the Autumn, though many remain through the Winter. In Summer the catch of haddock in Massachusetts Bay is about twelve times as great as that of cod, but in Winter these proportions are exactly reversed. In fact, the haddock is so plentiful in the New-England fish markets in the Summer, that, though it is one of the best of its tribe for the table, it brings the lowest price, a fish weighing several pounds being often sold for a cent, and myriads being used for manure. It swarms on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, particularly on the east coasts, swimming in large schools, which appear in certain localities nearly at the same time in different years, arriving on the Yorkshire coast for example, about the 10th of December. The school in that quarter, on its first arrival, has been seen to extend from Flamborough Head to the mouth of the Tyne below Newcastle, a distance of eighty miles in length, with a breadth of three miles. The fishermen at these times catch them in such quantities that they sell them at the rate of two or three for a penny. They are taken with hand lines, in the same manner as cod. In stormy weather they refuse the bait and take refuge in deep water till the commotion has subsided. The haddock is found far north, in the Greenland seas, but has never been seen in the Baltic nor in the Mediterranean. It is singular that the mark of St. Peter's thumb which is never wanting in the specimens taken in British waters, nor, so far as I know, in those taken on the coasts of New England, is not found in the haddocks of the Arctic seas. At least Fabricius, the naturalist who observed the fish on the coast of Greenland did not find one with these marks, out of the many he examined, and neither Artedi nor Linnaeus in their description of Scandinavian haddocks make any mention of the spots. The French fishermen call the haddock, *hadot*, from which it is probable that the English name is derived.

As cooked by the Pilot, we pronounced the haddock excellent, and after dinner we raised the anchor, hoisted sail, and cruised idly about among the islands till near sunset, when we put into a delicious little cove, narrow, deep and shady, on Jewell's Island. As we glided in, an old fisherman who resided on the island came alongside in his dory to have a little chat, and gave us a magnificent lobster, which went immediately into the pot for supper. After coming to anchor, we all went ashore in our boat, except the Pilot, who was detained on board by his duties as cook, to explore the island, witness the sunset, and get milk, eggs, and butter from a farm-house near our landing-place. The island, which lies about ten miles east of Portland, is large enough for a German principality, and seemed to be fertile and well cultivated. The farm-house was built on elevated ground, and the view of the sunset and of the island-studded bay was superb. Fresh and sweet were the eggs and milk and butter with which we returned to our sloop as the twilight died away, and very jolly the supper we had in the little cabin before turning in to our berths. The evening was pleasantly cool, and the Assyrian, who was naturally of a medical turn of mind, remarking that boiled lobster was not wholesome unless well qualified with something acid, availed himself of the pilot's steaming teakettle and brewed a pitcher of hot lemonade with a strong infusion of whisky, which he administered to each of us, in proper doses, as a sure preventive against any ill effects from our supper.

The next morning, Wednesday, was fair and warm, and we rose early, and, after breakfasting on rock cod and blue perch, which the Artist, who was up first, caught alongside, while the Pilot was making his fire, we resumed our cruise among the islands. We skirted the shores of one of the largest of these, the Great Jebeig, and landed on its neighbor, the Little Jebeig, around which we walked, picking up shells on its beaches, and exploring caverns in its rocks. Toward noon the wind freshened, and, blowing fair and strong for Harpswell's Point, we stretched across a broad expanse of the bay for that place, which the Skipper, who had formerly resided there, said was more beautiful than anything we had yet seen. We were running along pretty rapidly, when the Skipper, who had the helm, began to show symptoms of uneasiness. It was so many years, he said, since had sailed these waters, that he was not quite sure of his course—there were a good many sunken reefs in this part of the bay.

The Professor brought out the Coast Survey chart, and he and I attempted to spread it on the top of the cabin; but the wind blowing too hard for that, we carried it below, and spread it on the cabin table. We had just begun to examine it, when my attention was arrested by a strange grinding and pounding sound apparently just beneath my feet, under the cabin floor. I had never heard anything like it, and had not the least suspicion of its cause. I glanced inquiringly at the Professor, who turned pale and darted on deck. He had heard that sound once before, while cruising on the coast of Japan, and under circumstances not likely to make him forgetful of its meaning. I followed him to the deck. The Skipper stood with the helm yet in his hand, looking sheepish enough at the result of his pilotage. The Assyrian and the Artist were staring wildly about them, while the prompt old Pilot, though so suddenly roused from a nap he had been taking on the shady side of the deck, had already let go the jib, and was lowering the mainsail. Our vessel had run her length on to a reef about five feet below the surface, and was stuck fast about a mile from land. Fortunately the tide was rising, and in the course of an hour, by carrying out an anchor astern and hauling with all our strength, we succeeded in getting her off without any other damage, as we subsequently ascertained, than the loss of a part of her keel. Stationing the Assyrian and the Artist at the bow, with instructions to keep a sharp lookout for rocks, we ran a few miles further, and entering the heart-shaped bay at the end of Harpswell Point, anchored in deep water, not far from its eastern shore.

As the Skipper said that this was a good place for fish, we got out our lines while the Pilot was getting dinner. Before we had caught anything the meal was ready and we went below, leaving our lines in the water in hopes of finding that some fish had been foolish enough to hook himself during our absence.

It so happened that I was first on deck after dinner. I tried the lines, but found nothing caught. The Assyrian's line was over the stern, and, as the tide was running very fast, he had let it out to its whole length of several hundred feet. I hauled it in to see that it was still baited, and as no one had yet followed me out of the cabin, I was enticed by the opportunity to play the Assyrian a trick. A huge stone jug weighing many pounds and capable of holding several gallons stood near me on the deck empty. It was our principal water jug, and the Skipper had placed it there to have it handy, intending to take it ashore and fill it after he had cleared away the dinner things. The temptation was irresistible. I quickly tied the end of my friend's line to the handle of the jug, and lowered it overboard. The strong tide swept it far along until it had gurgled full of water, when, of course, it sank plumb. I returned to my own line, and presently caught a large cod, the sound of whose flapping on deck brought out my comrades with the exception of the Skipper, who remained to put the cabin to rights a little.

The Assyrian, cigar in mouth, sat down on the taffrail, and gently fingered his line with the air of a man who has had a satisfactory dinner, and does not yet care to exert himself to catch fish for supper. Presently, however, he had a bite, and began languidly to pull up his line. The unusual weight soon made itself felt. The Assyrian grew suddenly excited. He said nothing about halibut, for previous disappointments had made him reticent of expression on that point, but halibut was evidently in his mind, by the gingerly way in which he handled his line, holding it in readiness to yield judiciously in case the monster should suddenly put forth his strength. We gathered round to witness the struggle. The gentleman from Nineveh tugged and tugged, growing gradually more and more astonished at the weight of his capture, and the passive nature of his resistance, for the halibut, as the fishermen often told us, never yields without a desperate and powerful contest. At length his prize reached the surface. Without remark the Assyrian quietly lifted it on board, amid roars of laughter, and as he passed into the cabin to relight his cigar, good humoredly nodded to me, saying, "I'll pay you for that, my boy, before you are much older." He kept his word.

By and by the Skipper put the jug into the boat, and the Assyrian and I went ashore with him to a fisherman's cottage, the only house in sight. I had been struck, as I saw it from the deck of the sloop, with the singular beauty of the place, and its resemblance to the abode of the fisherman in Undine.

"He dwelt in a very beautiful spot. The grassy land on which his cottage was built extended far out into a great lake; and it seemed as if, out of love, this slip of ground stretched itself into the clear, blue, and wonderfully bright waters, and also as if the waters, with loving arms, clasped the fair meadows with their high-waving grass and flowers and the refreshing shade of the trees. Yet was this pleasant place seldom or never trodden by any but the fisherman and his household, for behind the slip of land lay a very wild wood—"

No description could be more exact. Here, before our eyes, was the solitary cottage, the grassy point of land, the clear, blue, bright waters, the refreshing shade of trees, and behind the house the identical wild wood that separated the dwelling of Undine's foster-father from the rest of the world. Surely La Motte Fouqué must have seen Harpswell Point in a vision or dream. The only differences between the two places were, that instead of a great lake there was a great bay, and that the surges of the Atlantic were rolling on the other side of the strip of land; but these were not material.

The men of the fisherman's family were away, but there were several women at the house, who received us kindly, and gave us milk and berries. The Assyrian speedily made himself at home with the ladies, and when I proposed to go to the beach, about two hundred yards from the house, to take an ocean bath, he refused to accompany me, but offered to wait where he was till I came back. The skipper had gone to his sloop with his jug of water, to invite the Artist and Professor on shore to partake also of milk and berries. So I went alone to the sea, and strolled along the beach till I came to a convenient pile of rocks, out of sight of the house, and took off my clothes and went in. The water was awfully cold, though the air was warm, and being unable to swim, and so not daring to plunge boldly in, I endured fearful torture in the heroic efforts to get a thorough bath. A few rods farther along from where I went in, there was a large rock almost covered by the water to which I determined to go, calculating that by the time I could reach it and return, I should have had as much sea bathing as it was desirable, or, for me, possible to endure.

I reached it easily enough, and after clinging to it for a moment thoroughly chilled, turned to go to the shore. Conceive my consternation at beholding as I looked around, a woman approaching along the beach from the direction of the house. A tall, elderly female, wearing a vail, and carrying a parasol. Evidently she was bent on a sea-side stroll. She must have seen me if she had looked in my direction, for the distance that separated us was inconsiderable. But she walked with her eyes cast down, either wrapt in thought, or searching for shells and pebbles, I could not determine which. Nor did it much matter. I was nearly dead with cold, but, of course, could not quit the shelter of the water while the lady was in sight. If she only kept onward, however slowly, I thought I could hold out for, thank heaven, there was a rocky point at no great distance which would conceal her, or rather me, from view as soon as she should pass it. So I crouched behind the rock to which I was clinging, shuddering with anguish as the chill waves rolled in succession over me.

The lady was provokingly slow. She lingered, she stopped, she stooped to examine every shell and every pebble. I grew almost frantic with suffering and was twenty times on the point of crying out, and warning her off. Still, I trusted she would pass without seeing me, and thought I could endure a little longer.

At length she reached the rocks, among which I had deposited my clothes. She did not notice the garments apparently, but after pausing for a minute, coolly sat down and, to my horror and despair, pulled a book from under her shawl and began to read.

I could stand it no longer. All the tales I had ever heard of persons who had died from staying too long in the water rushed upon my memory. I felt convinced that I was not only blue around the mouth, but blue all over. It seemed as if I had been in the water at least two hours. I should certainly die. But death itself was preferable to this infernal cold, which caused my very bones to ache. Positively I could stand it no longer.

I began by coughing, gently at first, afterward more vigorously. It did no good. She was absorbed in her book, some foolish novel, doubtless—confound the author! I hemmed, hawed, hooted.

I splashed the water. All to no effect. A horrible thought flashed across me—perhaps she was deaf—as deaf as Dame Eleanor Spearing. I tried to get a stone from the bottom to throw at her, or rather near her, in hopes of attracting her attention, but found I could not reach bottom without putting my head under water. It suddenly occurred to me that the tide was rising and that my post would no longer be tenable even if I could stand the cold. That settled the question.

"Hallo! Hallo there!" I shouted with all the force of my lungs.

"Hallo, yourself. What are you making such a row for, disturbing my studies? How long do you expect me to wait for the termination of your bath?"

I recognized the voice at the first word, and was beside the speaker before the sentence was finished. Throwing up the vail, which had concealed his features, the Assyrian burst into a laugh, in which, though at first I thought of stoning him, I finally joined. He had persuaded the women at the cottage to lend him his disguise in order to repay me, as he had promised, for the affair of the jug. I forgave him for the sake of the provocation, though he had put me to direful torture—but we entered then and there into a compact to desist from such pranks for the future.

A smart run on the beach in the warm air relieved me of the chill I had got in the water, and being soon after joined by the Professor and the Artist, we rambled till sunset amid the groves and glades and rocks and beaches of the peninsula, which we all agreed far surpassed Nahant in beauty, while it almost exactly resembled it in situation. The sunset, as we watched it from a lofty bank, crowned with noble trees, was glorious. Our view extended over Casco Bay to the main land beyond, and farther still, to the White Mountains, of which we had never from any point obtained a more beautiful or more impressive view.

We lingered long after Mount Washington had vanished in the gloom of twilight, and then, descending to the shore, assented fully to the patriotic remark of the skipper, as he rowed us to the sloop, that "there wasn't a finer place in the world than Harpswell."

PERSONAL.

—Mr. James L. Graham, jr., possesses a unique folio volume composed wholly of portraits of the Bonaparte family, which have been collected and bound by the owner. It contains more than one hundred different engraved likenesses of the first Emperor, and an equal number of the remaining members of the illustrious family. The unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt—the crownless and scepterless Napoleon II.—is represented by twenty portraits. Among the most curious things in the volume, is a caricature head of Napoleon I., printed in color by Ackerman of London, at the time when everybody in England, by the success of the Allies at Paris, had just been relieved of their dread of an invasion and fear of the Corsican ogre had given place to hatred. In a description of the caricature which accompanies the broadside, we are told that "the hat of the destroyer represents a discomfited French eagle, maimed and crouching, after his conflicts with the eagle of the North; his visage is composed of the carcasses of the victims of his folly and ambition, who perished on the plains of Russia and Saxony; his throat is encircled with the Red Sea, in allusion to his drowned hosts; his epaulette is a hand, leading the Rhenish Confederation, under the flimy symbol of a cobweb; the spider is an emblem of the vigilance of the Allies, who have inflicted on that hand a deadly sting." Underneath the portrait is the following parody on the Emperor's titles: "Napoleon the First and Last, by the wrath of Heaven Emperor of the Jacobins, Protector of the Confederation of Rogues, Mediator of the Hellish League, Grand Cross of the Legion of Horror, Commander-in-Chief of the Legions of Skeletons left at Moscow, Smolensk, Leipsic, etc; Head Runner of Runaways, Mock High-Priest of the Sanhedrim, Mock Prophet of Musselmans, Mock Pillar of the Christian Faith; Inventor of the Syrian Method of disposing of his own Sick by sleeping Draughts, or of captured Enemies by the Bayonet; First Grave-Digger for burying alive; Chief-Gaoler of the Holy Father and of the King of Spain; Destroyer of Crowns, and Manufacturer of Counts, Dukes, Princes, and Kings; Chief-Douanier of the Continental System; Head Butcher of the Parisian and Toulonese Massacres; Murderer of Hoffer, Palm, Wright, Ney, of his own Prince, the noble and virtuous Duke of Enghien, and of a thousand others; Kidnapper of Embassadors; High-Admiral of the Invasion Praams; Cup-Bearer of the Jaffa Poison; Arch-Chancellor of Waste-Paper Treaties; Arch-Treasurer of the Plunder of the World; Sanguinary Coxcomb, Assassin, and Incendiary."

—A Portland paper says that Gen. Tom Thumb is to take a wife from that city, not only "one of Portland's fairest daughters," but "the handsome and accomplished daughter of one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens." She is said to be very "pretty below the ordinary hight, and heiress to quite a large estate."

—Mr. Henry Morford, the well known poet, has resigned the position which has bound him to *The Leader* for several years, and has accepted an editorship on *The Sunday Atlas*. His inaugurative articles were a poem in the last number, entitled "Horicon," and the first one of a series of pleasant sketches called "Summer Wanderings up the Hudson."

—F. H. Bellew, the artist, sailed for England on Wenesday morning. He has received the appointment of Paymaster to the Militia, the salary attached to which is about $2,000 a year, and the duties of which will not interfere with the pursuit of his artistic labors.

—Mr. Elias Dexter, the print collector of this city, has lately purchased in Europe 761 engraved plates of portraits made in this country by Fevret de St. Memin, a French artist, who resided here from 1795 to 1810. These plates have never been published, and Mr. Dexter proposes to issue an edition of one hundred photographed copies of them during the present year. They include original likenesses of Washington, Jefferson, Livingston, Burr, and most of our prominent men and women of the period indicated. All of the portraits, except three, were drawn from life. They are to be photographed by Gurney, and the whole work is to be sold at $75 a copy.

—Dr. Cogswell, the venerable Superintendent of the Astor Library, is expected to return from Europe in September. He has been absent since June, and has already purchased books to the number of nearly four thousand volumes.

—Gignoux, the artist, is about returning to Europe, and will take up his residence in Paris.

—One of our wealthy citizens, who is interested in several important patents, offered, during the late visit of the Great Eastern to this port, to replace the boilers of that steamer with others of his own manufacture, which should save nearly 50 per cent of the fuel now used. The projector was to perform the work at his own expense, and only receive pay therefor when time and experience should have demonstrated the asserted economy of the new improvements.

—Alexandre Dumas has gone to Paris to purchase a steam press and the necessary apparatus for publishing the *Indépendant*, which he will commence immediately in Palermo. *L'Indépendant* will be a large newspaper, printed in French, and will be devoted to the interests of Italy. Garibaldi has given it warm recommendation.

—The subjoined note of Alexander Pope to his friend David Mallet, the literary executor of Bolingbroke, and the author of "William and Margaret," has never, we believe, appeared in print:

"DEAR SIR: I was quite grieved to learn that yourself and Mrs. Mallet were at my door yesterday, though I fear it was but your first flight after your illness. Mr. Brown had sent his chariot to desire me to go in it to Apscourt, and return early (he having been and still being extremely ill). I am myself in no respect better than when I saw you; but it would have been a great pleasure to me to have detained you two just for a dining time, and a just excuse to him. I expect Lord Bolingbroke this week, but am not certain his day will be so soon as to-morrow, as he intends to stay five or six days. If you can dine with him without hurting you I'll send you word what day? My humble services are Mrs. Mallet's, and all my true affections are yours. "A. POPE.

"*Tuesday Night.*"

—On Wednesday afternoon a Republican rally took place at East Henrietta, New-York, which is said to have been the most enthusiastic and impressive political demonstration which has been known in that town or its vicinity since 1844. A Lincoln and Hamlin flag-staff was raised, and addresses were made by J. H. Martindale, esq., and Mr. Wm. C. Bloss. The meeting then organized a Republican Club.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 22, 1860.

It is now near midnight. The annual assemblage of the Republicans of our State, at this "City of Conventions," is just going out in a perfect blaze of rockets and torches, and a furious tempest of enthusiastic hubbub of all sorts. From the window where I write I can hear the echo of the speeches of Bruce, H. B. Stanton, J. W. Nye, and others, to a dark multitude of up-turned faces, fringed around by the brilliant torches of some three thousand Wide-Awakes from all parts of Western and Central New-York. Cannon are booming, men are shouting, ladies are waving their handkerchiefs, and the Central square of the city is all alive with an excited throng of Lincolnites.

Upon the whole, we have had a good Convention. In some respects it might have been a little better. In many respects, it might have been a great deal worse. We have a good ticket, and good principles to plant it upon. The triumph in regard to the former would have been more complete and satisfactory if those who plotted and ardently desired the defeat of Gov. Morgan and Lieut. Gov. Campbell had dared to put their purposes to the test. They exhibited the better part of valor by having the discretion to smother (though vainly trying to conceal) an opposition to these faithful officers, which they could not make effectual to their overthrow.

Every well-informed Republican in the State knows, and every leading Republican out of it ought to know, that certain persons and presses that have of late been ostentatiously magnifying the claims of Gov. Morgan to a renomination, were, until within a few weeks, intent upon his humiliation by the State Convention. They had resolved upon his defeat if he dared to allow his name to go before that body for its indorsement. To this end, their "marked cards" were sent hither and thither through the State. But they soon learned that the very acts for which they desired the overthrow of the Governor had aroused a sentiment in his favor among the honest masses of the rural districts, which nothing could resist. They found that the vetoes he had thrown in the face of a corrupt legislature had made him so popular that the people had resolved to run him again, even though they had to run him over the necks of the conspirators who had plotted his disgrace. These "marked cards" reported these alarming facts, and instantly the plan of operations was changed. It was resolved to make Morgan seem to be the candidate of those who, till this startling report reached their ears, were bent upon whistling him down the wind as they had other Governors when no longer available. So, *his* renomination was on everybody's "slate."

Not so with Lieut. Governor Campbell. This clique had always disliked him; for, they had never been able to use him. For weeks after their attempt to prostrate the Governor was abandoned in despair, they continued to delve and mine against the Lieutenant-Governor. But, they had not the courage to make, broadly and in open day, the invidious distinction involved in the renomination of Morgan, and the refusal to renominate Campbell. A fight, feeble in numbers, but intense in bitterness, was kept up against him until the last moment. But, when the motion to nominate Morgan by acclamation was pending, and about to be put, and Mr. James S. Wadsworth moved to amend by inserting Campbell's name, the applause which greeted the original proposition and the amendment, satisfied everybody that the chief and his lieutenant were both in the same boat, and that it would safely reach the haven. So, the conspirators were again foiled.

The most marked feature of the occasion was the attendance in and upon the Convention of large numbers of the last Legislature, and of the crowd of faces which filled every nook and corner of the State Capitol last Winter, and known as "the lobby." One spectator, who had been familiar with the scene at Albany, remarked that it looked very much here, yesterday and to-day, as it did there when the two Houses were about to take a vote on the vetoes of "the gridiron bills"—only he thought *the crowd now looked rather paler and more frightened than they did then.* Then they were working for the wages of corruption; now they were struggling to escape righteous retribution.

The dreaded bolt descended. The condemnatory resolution of the Convention, though mild when compared with what some deemed to be merited, was crushing. An excuse urged by many of the culprits and their friends, doubtless had some influence in mollifying the censure of the Convention. It is worthy of special attention. They alleged that many Members of the Legislature were induced to vote for these corrupt schemes, not from pecuniary considerations which were to enure directly to their own benefit, but because certain leading Republicans urged that the passage of certain bills would bring into the coffers of the party large sums of money, to be used for political purposes. It was also stated that some of the less wary or weaker-minded members yielded to the artful appeals and stronger wills of long-headed managers, and voted for some of these schemes without fully understanding their precise bearings, and without being aware of the corrupt appliances employed upon other members, and the pecuniary interest, direct or indirect, which they had in them. It was urged in extenuation in behalf of still another class of members that, being rather good-natured, and willing to oblige friends in cases where no harm was to accrue, they yielded to the persistent appeals of men in the lobby who had won their confidence, and were thus induced to vote for schemes which they did not clearly comprehend, but which they were not then aware were profligate. And it was insisted, and with apparent sincerity, that in the case of some of these measures, if money or other like considerations were used to facilitate their passage, these corrupt appliances began and ended with the lobby, and never reached these particular members.

How all this is, and what are the precise facts, will never be known. All that can now be said is, that while putting in these mitigating pleas, names were freely used—whether rightfully, or not, the future may determine. But, he who thinks that rascalities, such as prevailed at Albany last Winter, can be fully exposed, and that rascals, such as bore rule there, can be promptly punished, has studied neither the annals of crime nor the ingenuity of criminals. Successful scoundrels are secretive. Old rogues delve in the dark. Long-headed politicians, when plundering the public, do their negotiating as they do their stealing, through mediums, dupes, dummies.

It is to be hoped that the Convention will be as